

ICKING VALLEY COURIER.

VOLUME 2. NO. 47

West Liberty, Morgan County, Kentucky, Thursday, May 2, 1912.

WHOLE NUMBER 99

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

Circuit Court: On Fourth Monday in June, and Third Monday in March and November. J. B. Hannah, Judge; John M. Waugh, Com'th Attorney; R. M. Oakley, Clerk; G. W. Phillips, Trustee of Jury Fund; S. R. Collier, Master Commissioner, J. D. Lykins, Deputy Master Com'r.

County Court: On Second Monday in each Month.

Quarterly Court: On Tuesday after Second Monday in each month.

Fiscal Court: On Wednesday after Fourth Monday in April and October.

I. C. Ferguson
Presiding Judge.

MAGISTRATE'S COURT.

First District—W. G. Short, 1st Monday in each month.

Second District—S. S. Dennis, Tuesday after 1st Monday in each month.

Third District—Eli W. Day, Wednesday after 1st Monday in each month.

Dr Aikman says that the humus of stable manure is worth quite as much to the soil as direct plant food. Valuing the phosphoric acid at 5 cents per pound, the potash 5 cents per pound and the nitrogen at 15 cents per pound a fair average value of the stable manure may be estimated as follows:

Seventh District—A. F. Blevins, Thursday after 2nd Monday in each month.

Eighth District—Franklin Walter, Thursday after 1st Monday in each month.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge—I. C. Ferguson.

Attorney—J. P. Haney.

Sheriff—B. B. Brown.

Treasurer—W. M. Gardner.

Clerk—J. H. Sebastian.

Supt. Schools—T. N. Barker.

Taylor—H. C. Clegg.

Assessor—Whitt Crumplin.

Coroner—C. F. Lykins.

Surveyor—M. P. Turner.

Fish and Game Warden—W. C. Fuggett.

Deputy G. W., Jno M. Perry.

West Liberty Police Court—First Wednesday in each month, N. P. Womack, Judge.

The County Board of Education for Morgan county, holds its regular meeting the 2nd Monday in each month.

J. P. HANEY,
County Attorney,
GENERAL PRACTICE,
OFFICE IN COURT-HOUSE
West Liberty, Ky.

W. M. GARDNER,
LAWYER

of Indiana, a new law
West Liberty, Ky.

Commercial Bank Building

R. L. LAND C. MUSICIAN
Attorney and Counselor at Law.

JACKSON, KY.

State and Federal practice. Commercial and civil litigation carefully handled.

COTTLE & HOVERMALL
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DAVID ADES

Ladies' and Gent's Furnishings,

Lexington, Ky.

Wanted! A Godly share
of your trade

G. M. HANEY,

(Big Red)

Representing

Farmer's Corner.

Value of Farm Manure.

In spite of all that has been written telling of the value of stable manure, there are many farmers who still neglect to care for this valuable by-product of the farm, and spend their money for commercial fertilizer. I do not wish to discourage the use of commercial fertilizer, but it should never be used until the stable manure is first taken care of and apply to the soil. If there is not sufficient manure to meet the demands of the farm crops the deficiency should be supplied by using commercial fertilizer.

It is rather difficult to estimate the value of stable manure in dollars and cents as commercial fertilizers are valued, since the stable manure adds much valuable humus to the soil as well as direct plant food and the commercial fertilizer is valued for the direct plant food alone.

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LICKING VALLEY COURIER

Entered as second class matter April 7, 1910, at the post-office at West Liberty, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Issued Thursdays by The Morgan County Publishing Co. Incorporated.

TERMS—One Dollar a year in advance

H. G. COTTLER, EDITOR.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce G. V. LYKINS of Grass Creek, as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the office of County Judge of Morgan county.

We are authorized to announce ALEX WHITAKER of Caney, as a candidate for the nomination for County Judge of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce FRANK KENNAIRD of Logville, as a candidate for the nomination for County Attorney of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce H. M. DAVIS of West Liberty, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce REN F. NICKELL, of West Liberty, as a candidate for Clerk of the Morgan County Court, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce JAMES W. DAVIS, of Ezel, as a candidate for the nomination for Superintendent of Schools of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce C. E. CLARK of Maytown, as a candidate for the nomination for Superintendent of Schools of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce L. A. LYKINS of Index, as a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce SAM R. LYKINS, of Caney, as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Sheriff of Morgan county.

We are authorized to announce W. W. MCCLURE, of West Liberty, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce E. J. WEBB, of Blair's Mill, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce J. H. ROE, of Grass Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce GEO. W. STACY, of Grass Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for JAILER of Morgan County, subject to the action of the Democrat party.

We are authorized to announce JOHN PATRICK, (Assessor John) of Grass Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for Assessor of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce REV. W. H. LINDON of Insko, as a candidate for the nomination for Assessor of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce S. S. OLDFIELD, of Index, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce J. E. BARKER, of Malone, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce W. J. FIFLDLS, of Carter county, as a candidate for the nomination for Congress from the 9th district, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

Don't think because you are "purity" that it extends to the bone.

Be as consistent as you can without going to the point of inconsistency.

The Hatcher-Wilson tribe has gotta quit kickin' the COURIER's dawg aroun'.

No, an editor is not supposed to tell the whole truth. If he did he would be speedily mobbed.

Since the sinking of the Titanic, the press has let up somewhat on Allen, Edwards, et al.

The family bible tells no lies, but sometimes the page on which Gertrude's birth was recorded is torn out.

THE COURIER is a antidote for that depressed feeling commonly called "the blues." Try it a year and see.

A full suit of "Gods Livery" does not cost as much as the outfit that encases the contemptible carcass of a hypocrite.

THE LICKING VALLEY COURIER can claim a distinction which doubtless belongs to few country weeklies. It has on its delinquent subscription list an ex-Judge of the Court of Appeals, an ex-Circuit Judge and a prominent merchant who read the paper for a year, ordered it discontinued at the expiration of the year, and refused to pay for it, claiming that he never subscribed.

Remarkable, isn't it, how many and how varied are the favors country editors receive? Not long since this office had the privilege of paying the hack charges on a box of plate matter sent by some unknown person and without our consent, boasting Roosevelt's candidacy for president. And now we are in receipt of a letter from the American Protective Tariff League, asking us up to accept free and publish certain documents advocating high protective tariff. Hell! what next? Thank you for a word.

Reputable gentlemen who heard the veniremen from Bourbon county examined in the case of the Commonwealth vs Thos. Dolan for the killing of Patrick Mooney in Lexington some time ago, say that a number of those examined stated under oath that they had never heard of the case—that they didn't know that Pat Mooney was dead. It's a 10 to 1 shot that they don't know who killed Christ, or that that historic personage ever died. And yet the Bluegrass papers are want to refer to us mountaineers as ignorant and half civilized.

"Man to-day is the absolute slave of his wife," declares a Boston writer. Is it possible that the Spring house cleaning has already started in Boston.

Taft and Teddy are giving each other 'ell at long range. Lay to, Mr. President and ex-President. You are helping the Democratic party wonderfully.

A Missouri healer is credited with thousands of miraculous cures by the laying on of hands. It has been

From the deal we are getting at West Liberty, it seems that instead of being for the public convenience, the mail service is for the individual benefit. Without notice to the public, on last Saturday, the mail route from here to Cannel City was abandoned. We learn that at Cannel City the mail for this place is waiting. Some time ago the postoffice at Index, our nearest railroad station, was moved a mile into the country and the mail that the O. & K. brings had to be carried horseback from Cannel City, and that route has been abolished. To show the inconvenience to which this puts us read the route a letter mailed at a postoffice within six miles of West Liberty. It was mailed at Grassy, from there to Hazel Green, from there to Jackson, from there to Lexington, from there to Wrigley by way of Morehead, and then to this place, a distance of nearly two hundred miles to get six.

What we need, and what we ought to have, is the establishment of a mail route with a mail clerk on the O. & K., a post office at the station of Index and a route from that place to West Liberty. It seems to us that the convenience of nearly one half of the county should be of more importance than that of one country postmaster who thinks the cancellation will be more at a place a mile away from the railroad than at it. Can't we get relief?

Mark the Courier's prediction—neither Taft nor Roosevelt will be the nominee of the republican party this year. Roosevelt could, under no circumstances, be elected, and his fight on Taft has shown the latter up to be such a subservient tool of the predatory interests that the American people could not stand for him. The G. O. P. is in the middle of a dambadix and will have to get a dark horse to make even a respectable "also ran." It's Hughes.

That was a pretty stout statement Auditor Bosworth made concerning Hon. Champ Clark's chances in Kentucky. Henry is a pretty good organizer but he's barking up the wrong tree this time.

If it be true as reported that the senate committee which has been investigating Lorimer's election is equally divided it shows how different a senate committee is from the common people.

How many Morgan county farmers are going to try their level best to produce enough this season to supply their needs for one year. You can all do it if you try.

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Echo From The Old Battlefield

I have been informed by a good friend, who declined to give particulars, that one of the teachers (?) in the High School, Viz: Miss Frankieto Wilson, who, by the way, is a sister-in-law of her brother-in-law Hatcher, took occasion lately, to hand the Editor of the COURIER a gratuitous roast of no mean proportions.

Wish I knew if she did this while she was sporting herself in male attire not long since. If I knew she did I would pay less regard to chivalry and not be so choice of words.

If the COURIER is not worth \$1.00 a year to you, tell us and we will stop sending it. If it is worth the price pay up your subscription and renew.

GUMPTION

Which is Common Sense without Educational Furbelows.

By L. T. HOVERMALE.

The new gods must go the way of the old. Christ's doctrine of the Brotherhood of Man must triumph and only Jehovah be God. This revolution will come through the ballot instead of the church. The Ishmaelic curse will no longer be against man. A requiem will be sung over the grave of individualism.

THE NEW GODS.

Mark you, I say new gods. The gods of modern civilization are as numerous as those of medieval times. There is only the difference of names and significance. Instead of Jupiter, Pluto, Neptune, Uranus and Zeus we have Money, Power, Greed, Pride and Cunning. And no votary of the old gods more zealously served his deity than does humanity of to-day serve the gods of its passions, Jehovah is in the dim, distant background of our Christian civilization. Our religion is freezingly formal.

To the gods we serve we render sacrifice. The man whose god is Money brings his all to the sacrificial altar. To win the favor of this chief of our modern gods, man tenders as a burnt offering his physical vitality, and when he begins to acquire and hoard his idols he adds to the sacerdotal flames kindness, pity, generosity, honor, love and duty. And involuntarily his happiness goes with them. Because the image is stamped in gold instead of being graven in stone makes it no less an idol, and man bows down to it. The god of modern man is money—gold.

Secondary to, and a younger brother of, this god is the god of Power. The desire of man to lord it over his brother has created our damnable system of politics, and at the shrine of Power the intellect of man bows. Degradation and stultification of the noblest impulses is the result.

This god's consort is the goddess Policy. Integrity, honor, manliness and all that is good and noble in the natural man is feviersly put in the flames of the altar of this god. To hold his favor presidents become the peccating tools of special interests and governors the henchmen of lawless greed. Justice removes her blindfold; judges with keenest vision pick the litigant with the strongest political "pull" and render their decisions accordingly. The god of power must be appeased, and his cause is lost when he has no influence with him.

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Our modern gods are of one family—a dirty brood. As Minerva sprang, adult, full-armed from the head of Jupiter, so is Power, Pride, Greed and Cunning. And unlike the gods of the ancients, they have no redeeming virtues. Pessimistic, you say? Is truth pessimistic? Did you ever know an usurper who did not take the front seat in church and sing:

"Lord, I aye not for riches, Neither silver nor gold."

Or a monopolist who did not erect churches and endow colleges? The rabble must be blinded lest it becomes inquisitive.

Tom Paine said: "Any religion is good that causes men to do good," yet Tom don't stand well in this community. Christ promulgated a religion that, if carried out, would bring peace, contentment and joy to humanity.

But we have forgotten what He taught, or, if we remember, fail to practice. The Golden Rule has fallen into desuetude and the Beatitudes do not appeal to us.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO. Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfect—honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE,

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEER

A Republic Weekly, Published at Salyersville, Ky.

Gives the News

From all parts of the country

\$1.00 a year. 10c a month.

S. S. ELAM,

Owner and Editor.

Base ball score cards, with names of team, printed at this office. We have a number of W. L. score cards printed and in stock.

GROCERIES

And Plenty of Them.

Cheap at the price and The Prices Cheap

Line Complete

Nothing Lacking

Fresh Oysters a Specialty

Prompt and efficient service

Come once and you'll come again

HENRY COLE

Cole Hotel Sample Room

Shield Brand Clothing, Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Hardware, Everything

If you have been paying too much for your goods elsewhere and need anything to be found in a modern, up-to-date store call on me and be convinced that I sell cheaper than anyone in town. It costs you nothing to investigate. Come and see.

My Lady of Doubt

BY RANDALL PARRISH

A charming drama of a Revolutionary hero and a petite Colonial belle, with a background of the most stupendous struggle in the history of our country.

This Is Our Next Story**Auty McClain, Court St.****Couldn't Walk!**

"I used to be troubled with a weakness peculiar to women," writes Mrs. Anna Jones, of Kenny, Ill. "For nearly a year, I could not walk, without holding my sides. I tried several different doctors, but I grew worse. Finally, our druggist advised Cardui for my complaint. I was so thin, my weight was 115. Now, I weigh 163, and I am never sick. I ride horseback as good as ever. I am in fine health at 52 years."

TAKE CARDUI The Woman's Tonic

We have thousands of such letters, and more are arriving daily. Such earnest testimony from those who have tried it, surely proves the great value of this vegetable, tonic medicine, for women.

Cardui relieves women's sufferings, and builds weak women up to health and strength. If you are a woman, give it a trial. It should help you, for it has helped a million others. It is made from pure, harmless, herb ingredients, which act promptly and surely on the womanly organs. It is a good tonic. Try it! Your druggist sells it.

Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free. 15¢

For Artistic Job Printing

Anything made with Type on Paper

The Courier, of course

Wanted,
COTTLER & HOVERMALE,
West Liberty, Ky.

The Chalice of Courage

Being the Story of Certain Persons Who
Drew It and Conquered
A Romance of Colorado
BY
**CYRUS TOWNSEND
BRADY**
*Author of "The Ring and the Man,"
"The Last of the Mountain Men,"
"The Horse and the Hound,"
"As the Spuds Fly Upward."*
Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Edith Maitland, a frank and unpolished young Philadelphia girl, is taken to the Colorado mountains by her father, Robert Maitland. James Armstrong, Maitland's protege, falls in love with her.

CHAPTER II.—His persistent wooing thrills the girl, but she hesitates, and Armstrong goes east on business without a definite answer.

CHAPTER III.—Edith hears the story of mining engineer, Newbold, whose wife falls in love with him. She is hurt that he was compelled to shoot her to prevent her being eaten by wolves while he went for help.

CHAPTER IV.—Kirkby, the old guide who tells the story, gives Edith a package of letters which he says were found on the woman's body. She reads the letters and at Kirkby's request keeps them.

CHAPTER V.—While Edith is bathing in the river in a fancied solitude, a big bear appears on the bank and is about to plunge into the water to attack the girl. She shouts, runs away, and the animal is killed by a strange man.

CHAPTER VI.—Edith is caught in a storm which wipes out her party's camp. She is dashed upon the rocks and injured. The strange man who shot the bear finds her unconscious and carries her to shelter.

CHAPTER VII.—Members of the camp party realize that Edith is missing in the storm, institute a frantic search for the missing girl.

CHAPTER VIII.—No trace of her is found and word is telegraphed to her father, James Armstrong, asking him to find Edith. When the telegraph arrives expressing the belief that the girl is dead, Armstrong says he will find her, and Maitland agrees to their marriage if he succeeds.

CHAPTER IX.—Edith regains consciousness in a hut of the men who had rescued her from the bear, and dresses her foot which had been severely injured.

CHAPTER X.—The girl spends a fairly comfortable night, but her host in the next room a restless one as he lives over old scenes. He is dead and some secret in his life.

CHAPTER XI.—Morning finds Edith refreshed and ready for the substantial breakfast the man has prepared for her.

CHAPTER XII.—Her rescuer goes in search of Edith's party, but returns at nightfall alone and unsuccessful. In his absence she discovers books which show him to be a man of education.

CHAPTER XIII.—Edith finds that she must remain in the mountain until her foot is better, and the mountain is too passable, or permit her companion to leave her alone for a week while he goes in search of help. She decides to have him remain with her.

CHAPTER XIV.—A whole month passes before Edith is not more or less melancholy. She discovers that she is in love with the strange silent man who intrudes himself as little as possible on her notice.

CHAPTER XV.—The man comes to a realization of his love for her, but naturalizations of the girl and her rescuer become unnatural and strained.

CHAPTER XVI.—The stranger tells of a wife who had died, and says he has sworn to never cherish her memory. He lives in the mountains, but never confesses his love for each other. She learns that he is the man who killed his wife in the mountain.

CHAPTER XVII.—Edith writes to Newbold's wife to inform her of his whereabouts. Newbold decides to start to the settlement for help.

CHAPTER XVIII.—The man is racked by the belief that he is unfaithful to his wife's memory, and Edith is told to sell him the letters in her possession.

CHAPTER XIX.—Armstrong, accompanied by Kirkby and Robert Maitland, start out on a systematic search for Edith. They find the cabin of the deserted cabin, and know that the girl is in his keeping.

CHAPTER XX.—Newbold returns from hunting game and sees a man near the cabin. He is James Armstrong, who has at last located the missing girl, and he enters the cabin.

CHAPTER XXI.—Armstrong pleads his love for Edith, but she reminds him of his affection for Newbold's wife. He grows insulting and Edith orders him from her presence. Newbold returns hopefully.

CHAPTER XXII.—He discusses the truth with Edith, and would have killed him for the interference of Kirkby and Maitland, who came upon the scene.

Armstrong was beside himself with fury at her words, and Newbold's cool indifference to him personally was unendurable. In battle such as he waged he had the mistaken idea that anything was fair. He could not really tell whether it was love of woman or hate of man that was most dominant; he saw at once the state of affairs between the two. He could hurt the man and the woman with one statement; what might be its ultimate effect he did not stop to consider, perhaps if he had he would not then have cared greatly. He realized anyway that since Newbold's arrival his chance with Edith was gone; perhaps whether Newbold was alive or dead it was gone forever; although Armstrong did not think that he was not capable of thinking very far into the future in then condition, the present bulked too large for that.

"I did not think after that kiss in the road that you would go back on me this way, Edith," he said quickly.

"The kiss in the road," cried Newbold staring again at the woman.

"You coward," repeated she, with one swift envenomed glance at the other man, and then she turned to her lover. She laid her hand upon his arm, she lifted her face up to him, "As God is my judge," she cried, her voice rising with the tragic intensity of the moment and thrilling with indignation protest, "he took it from me like the thief and the coward he is. We were riding side by side, and he was utterly unsuspecting, I thought him a gentleman, he caught me and kissed me before I knew it. I drove him from me. That's all."

"I believe you," said Newbold gently, and then for the first time, he addressed himself to Armstrong. "You

came doubtless to rescue Miss Maitland, and in so far your purpose was admirable and you deserve thanks and respect, but no further. This is my cabin, your words and your conduct render you unwelcome here. Miss Maitland is under my protection; if you will come outside I will be glad to talk with you further."

"Under your protection?" sneered Armstrong beside himself. "After a month with you alone I take it she needs no further protection."

Newbold did not leap upon the man for that mortdant insult to the woman; his approach was slow, relentless, terrible. Eight or ten feet separated them. Armstrong met him half way, his impetuosity was greater, he sprang forward, turned about, faced the full light from the narrow window.

"Well," he cried, "have you got anything to say or do about it?"

But Newbold had stopped, appalled. He stood staring as if petrified; recognition, recollection rushed over him. Now and at last he knew the man. The face that confronted him was the same face that had stared out at him from the locket he had taken from the bruised breast of his dead wife, which had been a mystery to him for all these years.

"Well," tauntingly asked Armstrong again, "what are you waiting for, are you afraid?"

From Newbold's belt depended a holster and a heavy revolver. As Armstrong reached to attack him he flashed it out with astonishing quickness and presented it. The newcomer was unarmed—his Winchester leaned against the wall by his fur coat and he had no pistol.

"If you move a step forward or backward," said Newbold with deadly calm, "I will kill you without mercy."

"So you take advantage of a weak-minded man, would you?" sneered Armstrong.

"Oh, for God's sake," cried the woman, "don't kill him."

"You both misjudge me," was the answer. "I shall take no advantage of



"Your Picture?" He Asked.

this man. I would disdain to do so if it were necessary, but before the last resort I must have speech with him, and this is the only way in which I can keep him quiet for a moment, as I suspect, his hate measures with mine."

"You have the advantage," protested Armstrong. "Say your say and get it over with. I've waited all these years for a chance to kill you and my patience is exhausted."

"Still keeping the other covered, Newbold stepped over to the table pulled out the drawer and drew from it the locket. Edith remembered she had hastily thrust it there when he had handed it to her, and there it had lain unnoticed and forgotten. It was quite evident to her what was toward now. Newbold had recognized the other man, explanations were inevitable. With his left hand Newbold sought the catch of the locket and pressed the spring. In two steps he faced Armstrong with the open locket thrust toward him."

"Your picture?" he asked.

"Mine!"

"Do you know the locket?"

"I gave it to a woman named Louise Rosser five or six years ago."

"My wife."

"Yes, she was crazy in love with me, but—"

With diabolical malice Armstrong left the sentence uncompleted. The inference he meant should be drawn from his reticence was obvious.

"I took it from her dead body," gritted out Newbold.

"She was beside herself with love for me; an old affair, you know," said Armstrong more explicitly, thinking to use a spear with a double barb to pierce the woman's and the man's heart alike. That he defamed the dead was of no moment then. "She wanted to leave you," he ran on glibly. "She wanted me to take her back and—"

"Untrue," burst forth from Edith Maitland's lips. "A slanderous, dastardly, cowardly untruth."

But the man paid no attention to her in their excitement; perhaps they did not even hear her. Newbold thrust his pistol violently forward.

"Would you murder me as you murdered the woman?" glibbed Armstrong in bitter taunt.

Then Edith Maitland found it in her heart to urge Newbold to kill him where he stood, but she had no time if she could have carried out her design, for Newbold flung the weapon from him and the next moment the two men leaped upon each other, straining, struggling, daring, battling like savage beasts, each seeking to clasp his fingers around the throat of the other and then twist and crush until life was gone.

Saying nothing, fighting in a grim silence that was terrible, they reeled crashing about the little room. No two men on earth could have been better matched, yet Newbold had a slight advantage in height and strength, as he had also the advantage in simple life and splendid condition. Armstrong's hate and fierce temper counterbalanced these at first, and with arms locked and legs twined, with teeth clenched and eyes blinded and pulses throbbing and hearts beating, they strove together.

The girl shrank back at the wall and stared frightened. She feared for her lover, she feared for herself. Strange primitive feelings throbbed in her veins. It was an old situation, when two male animals fought for supremacy and the ownership of a female, whose destiny was entirely removed from her own hands.

Armstrong had shown himself in his true colors at last. She would have nothing to hope from him if he was the victor; and she even wondered in terror what might happen to her if the man she loved triumphed after the passions aroused in such a battle? She grew sick and giddy, her bosom rose and fell, her breath came fast as she followed the panting, struggling, clinging grinding, figures about the room.

At first there had been no advantage to either, but now after five minutes—or was it hours?—of fierce fighting, the strength and superior condition of her lover began to tell. He was forcing the other backward. Slowly, inch by inch, foot by foot, step by step, he mastered him. The two interwining figures were broadside to her now, she could see their faces inflamed by the lust of the battle, engorged, blood red with hate and fury, but there was a look of exultation on one and the shadow of approaching disaster on the other. But the consciousness that he was being mastered ever so little only increased Armstrong's determination and he fought back with the frenzy, the strength of a maddened gorilla, and again for a space the issue was in doubt. But not for long.

The table, a heavy cumbersome, four-legged affair, solid almost as a rock, stood in the way. Newbold at last backed Armstrong up against it and by superhuman effort beat him over it, held him with one arm and using the table as a support, wrenched his left hand free, and sunk his fingers around the other's throat. It was all up with Armstrong. It was only a question of time now.

"Now!" Newbold guttered out hoarsely, "you slandered the dead woman I married, and you insulted the living one I love. Take back what you said before you die."

"I forgive him," cried Edith Maitland. It was all up with Armstrong. It was all up with him.

"I—I—" faltered the girl, but there was no escape from the keen glance of the old man; her hand went to the bosom of her tunic.

"Letters," exclaimed Armstrong. "What letters?"

"These," answered Edith Maitland, holding up the packet.

Armstrong reached for them, but Kirkby again interposed.

"No, you don't," he said dryly. "There ain't for your eyes yet. Mr. Newbold, I found them letters of the little shelf where your wife first struck when she fell over onto the butte where she died. I figured out her dress was torn open there, and them letters she was carrying fell out and lodged there. We had robes an' we went down over the rocks that way."

"But why did you give them to her at last?"

"Because I was afeared she might fall in love with Armstrong. I supposed she'd know his writin', but when she didn't I just let her keep 'em anyway. I knowed it'd all come out somehow; there is a God above us in spite of all the damned scoundrels on earth like this 'un."

"Are these letters addressed to my dead wife?" asked Newbold.

"They are," answered Edith Maitland. "Look and see."

Once more the door was thrown open; through it a snow-covered men entered. One swift glance told them all. One of them at least had expected it. On the one side Kirkby, on the other Maitland, tore Newbold away from his prey just in time to save Armstrong's life. Indeed the latter was so far gone that he fell from the table to the floor unconscious, choking, almost dying. It was Edith Maitland who received his head in her arms and helped bring him back to life while the panting Newbold stood staring dully at the woman he loved and the girl he hated on the floor at his feet.

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"Why not?" asked Newbold, taking the letters.

"There wasn't no good tellin' nobody then, jest for the sake o' stirrin' up trouble."

"But why did you give them to her at last?"

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"Let him speak no word," protested Newbold quickly. "I wouldn't believe him on his oath."

"Steady now, steady," interposed Kirkby with his frontier instinct for fair play, "the man's down, Newbold, don't hit him now."

"Give him a chance," added Maitland earnestly.

"You would not believe me, eh?" laughed Armstrong horribly, "well then this is what I say, whether it is true or a lie you can be the judge."

"What was he about to say? They all recognized instinctively that his forthcoming deliverance would be a final one. Would god or evil dominate him now? Edith Maitland had made her one; the man did truly love the woman who urged him; there was nothing left for him but a chance that she should think better of him than he merited; he had come to the end of his resources. And Edith Maitland spoke again as he hesitated.

"O, think, think before you speak," she cried.

"If I thought," answered Armstrong quickly, "I should go mad. Newbold, your wife was as pure as the snow; that she loved me I cannot and will not deny, she married you in a fit of jealousy and anger after a quarrel between us in which I was to blame, and when I came back to the camp in your absence, I strove to make it up and used every argument that I possessed to get her to leave you and to live with me. Although she had no love for you she was too good and too true a woman for that. Now you've got the truth, damn you, believe it or not as you like. Miss Maitland," he added swiftly. "If I had met you sooner, I might have been a better man. Good bye."

He turned suddenly and none saw what it was. He ran to the outer door; as he did so his hand snatched something that lay on the chest of drawers. There was a flash of light as he drew in his arm but none saw what it was. In a few seconds he was outside the door. The table was between old Kirkby and the exit; Maitland and Newbold were nearest. The old man came to his senses first.

"After him," he cried, "he means—"

But before anybody could stir the dull report of a pistol came through the open door!

They found Armstrong lying on his back in the snowy path, his face as white as the drift that pillow'd his head, Newbold's heavy revolver still clutched in his right hand and a bloody welling smudge on his left breast over his heart. It was the woman who broke the silence.

"Oh," she sobbed, "he can't be—"

"Dead," said Maitland solemnly.

"And it might have been by my hand," muttered Newbold to himself.

Edith Maitland had enjoyed no opportunity for private conversation with the woman he loved, which was perhaps just as well. He had the task of readjusting himself to changed conditions; but only to a different environment, but to strange and unusual dangers from his long cherished views.

(Continued next week)

Hawkins Confession

Most interesting true history of an outlaw's life ever written.

Full of sound advice to the young.

Correspondence

To Our Correspondents.

Our space is limited, make your news items brief and to the point. Give the news only and avoid comment. Leave the editorial writing to the editor. Don't moralize, don't gush. Short items of news is what we want. Separate the items. Don't begin one item on the line on which you end another.

DINGUS

Mrs Susan Williams has moved here from Harmon, and has taken her abode on J. I. Patrick's place.

Quite a lot of fence was destroyed by fire last week for Victor Baily after he had carelessly set fire in an old field.

A. J. Williams, lost a fine mare a few days ago.

Randals Williams has gone to Tennessee, having secured a position in a bank there.

Skaggs and Keeton's saw mill is now at R. M. Smith's, Jeptha. The Wheeler Holden Tie Co. own a large boundary of timber there and will have the greater part of it cut in ties and lumber.

Henry Conley, of Crockett, visited here last week. Mr. Conley has been unfortunate. He has been a cripple most of his life, and has lost two women and three children, the last one only a few days ago.

SLAB.

Don't plow Your Land too Wet.

Plenty of time yet to test seed corn before planting. Better do it it will save time and money!

Master Commissioner's Sale.

Morgan Circuit Court.
Green Lewis Plaintiff
vs. Notice of sale
Chester Amyx, & Defendant.

Pursuant to a judgment and order of sale rendered at the March term, 1912, of the Morgan Circuit Court in the above styled action, I will do

Monday, May 13, 1912,

(it being County Court day) expose for sale, at public auction, to the highest and best bidder, on a credit of six months, at the front door of the court house in West Liberty, Morgan County, Kentucky, between the hours of one and two P. M., the following described real estate, to-wit: Situate, lying and being in Morgan county, Ky., on Minor creek, and bounded on the east by the old John Nickel farm; North and south by the lands of J. H. Amyx surveys containing 144 acres.

5th tract. Situate, lying and being in Morgan county, Ky., on the waters of Yocum creek and bounded on the east by the lands of H. B. Amyx; on the west by J. H. Lewis and others; on the North by the lands of Clearfield Lumber Company, and on the south by land of J. A. Lewis. Or a sufficiency thereof to produce the sum of money so ordered to be made amounting to \$16607.

For the purchase price the purchaser will be required to execute bond with approved personal security bearing six percent interest from date of sale. Bond for the amount of plaintiff's debt, interest and cost to be made payable to the plaintiff and bond for the residue thereof if any, to be made payable to the defendant. Said bonds will have the force and effect of a replevin bond. Bidders must be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

S. R. Collier, M. C. M. C. C. By J. D. LYKINS, D. M. C. Jno. D. Phipps attorney for plaintiff.

Master Commissioner's Sale.

Morgan Circuit Court.
W. M. Wilhoit Plaintiff
vs. Notice of Sale.

J. H. Sullivan, Defendant.
Pursuant to a Judgment and order of sale rendered at the March, 1911, term of the above court, in the above styled action, I will do

Monday, May 13, 1912.

(it being county court day) expose for sale at public auction to the highest and best bidder, on a credit of six months, at the front door of the court house in West Liberty, Ky., between the hours of one and two o'clock p. m. an undivided one-third interest in the following described real estate, to-wit:

1st tract, situated in the counties of Elliott and Morgan and on the dividing ridge between Craney creek and Miner fork, and bounded as follows: Beginning at 5 spruce pines a corner to a survey executed to James Day; thence with the lines and corners of said survey N 73 W 102 poles to a chestnut and a small black oak on the ridge; N 17 W 100 poles to a large spruce pine on the edge of the cliffs; of Craney; S 48 W 300 poles to a stake; S 17

E 200 poles to a stake S 37 E 400 poles to a stake; N 30 W 305 poles to the beginning, containing 762 acres.

2nd tract; Beginning at 3 small pines standing on the top of a large cave known as the Soda cave, a corner to a survey executed to John Christy; thence with his lines and corners S 38 W 84 poles to a Spanish oak under the cliffs; S 60 W 80 poles to 3 spruce pines on the banks of hog trough camp branch; same course 300 poles to a white oak and sugar standing at the mouth of said fork; N 55 E 164 poles to a stake; N 30 W 275 poles to the beginning, containing 864 acres.

3rd tract. In Morgan county Kentucky, on Northfork of Licking River and bounded as follows to wit: Beginning on 5 white oaks, a beginning corner to 100 acres patented to Cornelius Howard; thence with said survey, S 11 E 20 poles to two hickories and maple; N 55 E 18 poles to a poplar and dogwood; East 18 poles to a large white oak, beech and chestnut; South 58 East 32 poles to a white oak and dogwood; S 22 W 148 poles to two spruce pines and a white oak; on cliffs of Devil fork; N 73 W 160 poles to a stake; N 1 W 190 poles to a take; East 100 poles to the beginning, containing 233 acres.

4th tract. On the Gourd cave branch of Laurel creek in Morgan county Kentucky and bounded as follows to wit: Beginning at two spruce pines and white oak on top of the cliffs of said creek above the David Fannin cabin; N 10 E 172 poles to two chestnuts and hickory and the head of a drain of Bayless branch; N 12 E 120 poles to a white oak and a beech; S 33 E 86 poles to 3 white oaks and a beech; S 13 E 160 poles to two white oaks and spruce pine; N 85 W 36 poles to 3 small pines on cliffs of Laurel creek; N 37 W 200 poles to the beginning, containing 118 acres.

5th tract. Situate, lying and being in Morgan county, Ky., on Minor creek, and bounded on the east by the old John Nickel farm; North and south by the lands of J. H. Amyx surveys containing 144 acres.

6th tract. Situated in Morgan county, Kentucky and on the north side of Laurel creek and binding on same, and bounded on the North, east and west by the J. H. Amyx surveys, containing 100 acres.

7th tract, lying in the county of Morgan and State of Kentucky, and on the Puncion fork of Craney and bounded as follows, on the west by Craney creek and on the east north and south by the J. H. Amyx surveys, containing 175 acres. Or a sufficiency thereof to produce the sum of money ordered to be made amounting to \$3125.10.

For the purchase price purchaser will be required to execute bond with approved personal surety or sureties bearing six percent interest from the date of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a replevin bond. Bidders must be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

S. R. Collier, M. C. M. C. C. By J. D. LYKINS, D. M. C. Jno. D. Phipps attorney for plaintiff.

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W. L. & CO.	NO. 1	NO. 2	NO. 3
	DAILY	DAILY	DAILY
Ly Quicksand.....	125 c. m.	125 c. m.	125 c. m.
Jackson.....	5.05 A. M.	1.55	1.55
O. & K. Junctn.....	5.19	1.57	1.57
Athol.....	5.35	2.22	2.22
Beattyville Junctn.....	2.61	2.61	2.61
Torrent.....	6.25	3.12	3.12
Campton Junctn.....	6.43	3.31	3.31
Clay City.....	7.19	4.05	4.05
L. & E. Junctn.....	7.31	4.37	4.37
Winchester.....	8.05	4.53	4.53
Ar Lexington.....	8.50	5.35	5.35

EAST-BOUND.

	NO. 2	NO. 3
	DAILY	DAILY
Ly Lexington.....	1.25 P. M.	1.25 A. M.
Winchester.....	2.17	8.05
L. & E. Junctn.....	2.33	8.18
Clay City.....	3.05	8.53
Campton Junctn.....	3.47	9.27
Torrent.....	4.04	9.44
Beattyville Junctn.....	4.52	10.04
Athol.....	5.19	10.30
O. & K. Junctn.....	5.25	10.57
Jackson.....	5.25	11.05
Ar Quicksand.....	11.25	

The following connections are made daily except Sunday.

Train No. 1 will make connection with the L. & N. at Lexington for Louisville, Ky. No. 2 will make connection with the L. & N. at Winchester for Cincinnati, Ohio. Nos. 1, 2 and 4 will connect with the Mountain Central R. for passengers to and from Clinton, Ky.

Trains No. 1, 2 and 3 will make connection with L. & N. Railway for Beattyville. Trains No. 3 & 4 connect with O. & K. Junctn for points on O. & K. Ry.

Helps a Judge in Bad Fix

Justice Eli Cherry of Gillis Mills, Tenn., was plainly worried. A bad sore on his leg had baffled several doctors and long resisted all remedies. "I thought it was a cancer," he wrote. "At last I used Bueklen's Arnica Salve and was completely cured." Cures burns, boils, ulcers, cuts, bruises and piles. 25c at all druggists.

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